

The Tragedy of *Phillis*, Complaining of the Disloyal Love of *Amintas*. To a New Court Tune.

A Mintas on a Summers day
to Sun Apollo's beams,
Was dyding of his flock away,
to tast some cooling streams.
And through a Forrest as they went
hard by a rivers side,
A voice which from a grobe was sent
inbited him to bide.
The voyce well seem'd for to betray
some Male-contented mind,
For oft times did he hear it say
ten thousand times unkind:
The remnant of that raging moan
did all escape his ear,
For every word brought forth a groan
and every groan a tear.
And nearer when it did repair,
both face and voice he knew,
He saw that Phillis was come there
her plaints for to renew,
Thus leading her unto her plaints
and sorrow flaking groans,
He heard her deadly discontents
thus all breakt forth at once.
Amintas is thy love to me
of such a light account,
That thou disdainst to look on me
or love as thou was wont. (make
Were those the Oaths that thou didst
the Vows thou didst conceide,
When I for thy contentment sake
my hearts delight did leave.
How oft didst thou protest to me
the Heaven should turn to naught,
The Sun should first obscured be,
ere thou wouldst change thy thought.
Then heaven desolbe without delay
Sun shew thy face no more,
Amintas love is lost for aye,
and woe is me therefore.
Well might I if I had been wise
foreseen what now I find,
But too much love did dull mine eyes
and made my judgement blind:
But O alas! the effect doth prove,
that it was plain deceit,

for true and undekled love
will never turn to hate.
All thy behadours were (God knows)
too smooth and too discret,
Like Sugar which imppoysoned grows,
suspects because it's sweet.
Thine oaths and vows did promise more
then well thou couldst perform
Much like a calmer that comes before
an unexpected storm.
God knows it would not grieve me much
for to be kil'd for thee,
But oh, too near it doth me touch
that thou shouldst murder me;
God knows I care not for the pain
can come for loss of breath,
Tis thy unkindness cruel Swain
that grieves me to the death.
Amintas tell me if thou may,
if any fault of mine
hath given thee cause for to betray
mine hearts delight and thine:
No, no alas it could not be,
my love to thee was such,
Unless that I if urged thee
in loving thee too much.
But ah, alas what do I gain,
by this my fond complaint,
My dolour doubles my disdain
my grief thy joy augment.
Although it yields no greater good,
it oft doth ease my mind,
For to reproach the ingratitude
of him that is unkind.
With that her hand, cold, wan and pale,
upon her breast she layes
And seeing that her breath did fail,
she sighs and then she sayes,
Amintas, and with that word
she sigh'd again full sore,
But after that she never said,
nor sigh'd, nor breath'd no more.

Finis.